THE UNITARIAN

AUGUST, 1910

A MAGAZINE OF DEFINITE PROGRESS AND VIRILE OPTIMISM IN RELIGION

KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

Unitarianism stands for deeds, not dogmas; for freedom of progress; for earnest and rational effort to build up the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.—*Rev. Jabez T. Sunderland.*

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THE UNITARIAN

SIDNEY, NEW YORK

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WORDS of encouragement come to us from every hand. A friend in the west writes: "We regret very much your disagreement with your editor, at the same time we commend your course in breaking loose from socialistic tendencies. Conducted along broader lines we believe The Unitarian can be made a greater success than ever. You may count on my support." Another Western friend writes: "I want to thank you for your splendid July Number." Would that more Unitarian papers would give space to the practical questions of the day." From conservative New England comes: "I had read the statement of your former editor and knowing him personally had accepted his point of view. Since reading your explanatory article in the July number, I feel that I must write and say that no one has a right to say that The Unitarian is dead." And still another from the other coast says: "Since reading that undignified card in the *Register* I feel that I cannot remain neutral any longer, therefore I write to say that my heartiest support will be yours." We feel very grateful for the above expressions of good will, and assure our friends that it shall be our aim to conduct The Unitarian along lines that will merit their continued friendship and support.

———o———

THE fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is a beautiful thought. Then let us practice what we preach.

ADDRESS all communications, business and otherwise, to The Unitarian, Sidney, N. Y. We have had positive instructions not to use the New York address any longer.

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THE national peace movement is a step in the right direction, and deserves the support of all religious papers. The Unitarian can therefore be found on the side of peace.

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THE doing of things is what counts in religion as well as in the every day affairs of life. Preaching with no doing is worth but little in the working out of human destiny.

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THE Unitarian in the future will be issued on the 15th of the month instead of the first. For various reasons we have decided to make this change, and which we trust will be satisfactory to our subscribers.

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IF you believe in fair play we ask you to continue your support to The Unitarian. If on the other hand you think we are wrong and the other side right, we don't expect it. We would ask you however to bear in mind that there are always two sides to a question. Investigate thoroughly before coming to a conclusion and we believe you will agree that we have been treated badly.

THE Unitarian will welcome articles of criticism or commendation. Ours shall be a free and open pulpit. Working with you to a common end, for the good of all the people.

———o———

IN the future it shall be our purpose to make The Unitarian live, progressive and up-to-date. Dealing with the public questions of the day, religious, moral and otherwise in a fair and impartial manner, striving ever for the good of mankind, having continually before us as a guide, "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

THAT card in the *Register* implied that The Unitarian would suspend. This is not true. Your support will keep it going.

———o———

WE want the news from your parish. Dear minister ask some member of your congregation to send us a letter. Every month if possible, but as often as they can. Your friends in the sister churches want to know what you are doing, and you want to know what they are doing. The Unitarian is the medium of exchange for this information, hence, we ask you to send us the news.

The Goodness of Life

By REV. EARL M. WILBUR D. D., Dean of the Public Unitarian School for the Ministry at Berkeley, Cal., and Field Secretary for the American Unitarian Association on the Pacific Coast

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Text: It is good for us to be alive. — Luke ix. 33

ALTHOUGH the story of it furnishes me with my text, I have little interest here and now, if ever, in trying to explain what the transfiguration was or was not. Students of the New Testament have given us a wide range of interpretations to choose from, and with one or other of them we ought to be able to satisfy ourselves, if we care enought about the matter to inquire far into it. We are offered the choice of interpreting it as a dream, as a vision, as a legend, as a myth, as a symbol, as a pure invention, and as an actual event; and we may choose whichever interpretation commends itself to us as most credible.

However that may be, the impulsive words of Peter which I have taken for a text, have started in me a train of reflection that leads far from the Mount of Transfiguration.

"It is good for us to be here," Peter said, speaking for himself and his companions and taking the words out of his mouth, I should like to apply them to our own case here and now.

It would indeed have been good to be there and to see Jesus in the hour when his high resolve had just been taken, when he had at length become settled in the conviction that he was the one destined to fulfill Israel's hopes of a Messiah, and had determined that, even though inevitable suffering and death lay before him, yet he would continue steadfast to the very end. Great was the privilege of his disciples, to enjoy his converse from day to day; and great would be the part it might have played in the moral and spiritual experience of any of us if, like them, we could have spent one year of our schooling as his personal pupils.

Yet, after all, for my part I would rather live now and here than then and there, even as one of the twelve, and so, I doubt not, would most of you. For

the Gospel gives us we may fairly believe the best and weightiest part of his teaching—that which made deepest impression, and was best remembered, and has been best reported. We have, at all events, far more of the words of life that he spoke than we succeed in putting into daily practice, and I verily believe that the modern disciple who would enter into the spirit and heart of the Master can do so more perfectly, and can appreciate him more deeply, than the most of those that listened to him by the sea or on the mountainside. Surely they often misunderstood him sadly enough, and so little believed in him that on the very night of his arrest they all forsook him and fled. Meanwhile, see how much we have that they had not as an inspiration to the highest, noblest, truest living. First of all, the greater inspiration, as I believe, of his own life, example and teachings now seen in better light, in juster perspective and with clearer vision than anyone in the first century could see them; but more than all else the privilege of living not when the precious leaven had just been hidden in the three measures of meal, but when the whole lump of civilization with which we have much directly to do, has been leavened, even though as yet only too imperfectly, with the leaven of Christian ideals; and when Christian standards of life and traditions of the home and society have swelled into a great flood that is bearing us all along slowly, grandly, with it—a flood that in the day of Jesus was but the beginning of a tiny, trickling streamlet. The volume of the Christian spirit multiplied a million, million times since then; and if we were not the gainers for it and did not live in a far better world than the disciples, then Christianity would indeed be a colossal failure.

But I wish to come down nearer home, and ask you, starting from the words of the text, to consider with me the predominating and essential goodness of our life, even in spite of all the things awry in it which make the pessimist so deeply despair.

"It is good for us to be here." I like to take the words in their literal sense—good for us to be here in our own America. One need not be a narrow patriot, and need not disparage the excellence of any other land, in thinking his own undoubtedly the best, for him. Who would care to dispute that England is best for the English—the dear mother land to which the heart of every colonist or wanderer ever turns fondly back as the best of lands; or Germany for the Germans, or Russia for the Russians, and China for the Chinese (as to which our law-givers seem to have had no misgivings)? For when a man has grown up in a given country, has been cradled by its institutions, has been saturated with its genius and spirit, and has grown adapted to its whole character there must be something badly out of joint with it, or else with him if they do not fit each other as the casting fits its mold, and if he does not feel a sense of estrangement and something of loss under another sky. We can smile indulgently when a Henry James expresses regret that he was not born an Englishman; we can think with indifference of the numbers that voluntarily expatriate themselves, or of those that make their native land but the stopping place between successive journeys away from it, ignoring alike the opportunities it offers them and the obligations they owe it. But the overwhelming majority of us will feel as we ought, that it is good for us to be here; that for us this is the best land the sun shines on. A pity and shame upon the men who will not appreciate all the honorable points in his own country's character and history who will not glory in them, who will not defend them against detractors! It like loyalty to one's own mother. One need not be blind, and more than one need be blind to a mother's limitations or shortcomings whatever they may be. But one must take her side; must defend or praise her with ardor, and must criticize her if need be, only with sympathy and hope. One must maintain the major key. Your patriot may see unerringly the defects and mistakes of his country, he may point them out unsparingly upon occasion, but he will never, he can never

if he is a true patriot, be merely a carping critic.

"America," another name for opportunity," Emerson said, America, whose institutions embody high ideals of civil liberty and personal freedom, which, although we seem, as Prof. Du Bois has written, to go blundering along in a happy-go-lucky way, sometimes, trying to attain them, are yet very different ideals from those of aristocracy or of monarchy; and they are dear to the great heart of the nation.

Now, whenever we remember these things, remember that an American's opportunity is our opportunity, that America's freedom and liberty are our freedom and liberty, that her ideals are our ideals to adopt, and keep sacredly pure, and raise yet higher, how can we help throwing shoulders back, raising head up and drawing a deep breath, and thanking God that among the great privileges that we enjoy is that of being here? And, if our country's ways seem to need mending, if our people's loyalty to national ideals ever seems to waver or weaken, is it not still a great privilege that we have the chance to do the faithful patriot's part in purifying public sentiment, the life blood of the nation, and in making it effective in national life.

In another sense of the words, every man now alive might exclaim, "It is good for us to be here,"—here at the beginning of the twentieth century. People whose keen zest in life has departed with their power any longer to play an active part in it, will sometimes tell us how much better life was one or two generations ago than it now is; but we know (and we suspect that they secretly feel but do not confess) that the change is in themselves and in their own attitude toward life. For, if they wished, they could find remote places in our own land a generation or two behind the times of the present world; but you never see them retiring to such a place from preference; and, if they did, we know they would be most unhappy; for their illusion would immediately be shattered. Poets may sing of a golden age long ago, but every sober man knows that that is a poetic fiction. The golden age is here for every one that can recognize gold when he sees it. Nor need one restrict one's self to the lines of material progress in which the present age is so distinguished. Take any line of human progress that you may choose: intellectual, moral, political scientific or religious, and compare the time in which we live with the beginning of any century in the past history of the world, and you will thank Heaven that you live now, rather than then.

We can see in every department of human thought and life "that all of good the past hath had remains to make our own time glad," and that to that our own generation is making new additions faster than ever before. And whatever we may, in a moment of disgust at the shortcomings of our own time, imagine or say of any "good old times," none of us would have them restored in their tentirety any more than any one of us in his sober senses would live his youth over again, except under the impossible condition that he should do so in the light of his present experience, by which he could improve on his past mistakes.

Do not imagine, my friends, that this is any foolish, impulsive rhetorical outburst of blind optimism which does not recognize the many and monstrous evils of every sort with which the twentieth century is bound to deal. But remember that every past age has also had its monstrous evils —when less than the present ones?—and that if we have evils to overcome, lest we die, so we have a greater store of inherited wisdom and a stronger power of inspiration from the goodness of the past to meet them with than any generation before ours has had; and that, with equal personal diligence, we have a better chance of winning the fight in our day than any of our fathers ever had in theirs. We grow anxious and are concerned, and justly so, over evidences of greed, materialism, injustice, cruelty or barbarism that challenge a nominally Christian civilization as to its right to the name; but the simple truth is that, taking mankind as a whole, the further back you go, the further and more rapidly do you go toward a condition of general greed, materialism, injustice, cruelty and barbarism, of

which we have now to struggle only with the survivals, appalling in magnitude though they seem—the more so because our ideals have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength.

But in a yet closer sense it is my confidence that "it is good for us to be here." As Browning makes David sing to poor, despondent Saul.

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart, and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

Yes, it is good, even, to be alive; good for the vast, overwhelming majority of human beings in this land or in any land, in this age or in any age.

I say that for the vast majority of men, in the great majority of circumstances, it is really,—and it ought to seem clearly—a joy, an opportunity and a privilege to live. When one is young and strong, when health abounds and blood courses swiftly, and nerves tingle; when the spring sun shines warmer and the birds begin to return, and the morning air is full of exhilaration what I say needs no argument. When the mind is alert and excursions into fresh fields of knowledge help one to feel the infinitude of the soul,setting out over a boundless ocean, as it were, on some new voyage of discovery, life seems yet more good in itself. When the moral and spiritual faculties are aroused and active and one feels that in some small measure he is by his life's efforts effecting something as a co-worker with God in making a better world than God alone would have made quite yet, then it seems most of all an unspeakable good to live and work.

Ah! yes, but that is not the whole story. It is all very well for youth and health and strength, in the possession of good fortune, to be cheery. This would be a worse world than even the pessimist maintains, if it were not so. But the crucial question is whether those that are old and ill; that suffer nameless pains of body or of mind; those whom misfortune has smitten and on whom the evils of the world press heavily—whether they find life worth living. How shall I, or you, or anyone else out of one narrow experience answer that question? I shall not even try, but let us instead come at it from another side.

One of the great evils that have shocked and wrung the hearts of men since men have thought, has been the great catastrophies of nature, which human prudence seems powerless to prevent or even to foresee. Take, then, the worst of them within the memory of history, the recent earthquake in Italy, with its frightful tale of 200,000 human lives (more or less) suddenly cut short, with circumstances of unspeakable terror and every possibility of suffering.

We esteem the sudden extinction of so many lives an unutterable calamity to the victims, than which we cannot easily conceive a greater. Yet, could we summon them back and ask them whether life, their life, was worth living, or whether they would prefer not to have lived at all, I should be greatly surprised if they did not as with one voice answer back that their life, horribly cut short, as it was, was worth having, and that they were glad to have had as much of it as they did; and that not to have lived would have been the unspeakably greater misfortune.

Or, go to almost any poor, lingering sufferer that you know, and ask him the question whether it is good for him to be here. It may sound like mockery in his ears, and he may account to you the ills of his hard lot. Yet, does he not cling to life, and thus betray the deeper instinct of his being that to be, even as he is, is better than not to be at all?

The goodness of life comes to most of us most keenly through our senses of sight and hearing; and what of life would be left to us if those were taken? Let us, therefore, question one deprived of these. Helen Keller, deaf, and dumb and blind since infancy, shall bear witness. She offers her testimony in her essay on "Optimism," and says:

"I know what evil is. Once or twice I have wrestled with it, and for a time felt its chilling touch on my life. So I speak with knowledge when I say that evil is of no consequence except as a sort of mental gymnastic. For the very reason

that I have come in contact with it, I am truly an optimist. I can say with conviction that the struggle which evil necessitates is one of the greatest blessings. It makes us strong, patient, hopeful men and women. It lets us into the soul of things and teaches us that although the world is full of suffering, it is full also of the overcoming of it. My optimism, then, does not rest on the absence of evil, but on a glad belief in the preponderance of good, and a willing effort always to co-operate with the good that it may prevail.

"I, too, can work, and because I love to labor with my head and my hands, I am an optimist in spite of all. I long to accomplish a great and noble task, but it is my chief duty and joy to accomplish humble tasks as though they were great and noble."

After this brave witness, let none of us complain of our lot, unless we are sure that our burdens are heavier than hers.

I have taken exceptional cases, and purposely so, that we might face the question at its worst. We have seen what remains of the matter when it is pushed to its limits. But it is not fair to judge the world by exceptional cases. It is enough to take it at its average. When we do that, we must see that for the overwhelming majority of human beings life is on the whole predominantly happy. It might be better, far better, but even as it is, it is far better than nothing. Make as much of the problem of evil as you may choose, but when you have summed it all up you will find much more of good to account for than of evil. There are those that despair of the world because it is so bad, but it is those that speculate over evil in their studies, and magnify it by their imaginations; while those that see most of it, that are engaged in the hand-to-hand fight with it, and realize its deep blackness and its actual proportions, think it is worth while to fight against it in hope of winning the victory. There is no optimist more persistent in his optimism than your slum-worker.

Says one of these. "In all the days I have never discovered a wholly bad man or woman. In every heart there is a sacred chamber with an altar and a dove of purity and love above it. Sometimes the chamber is very contracted and the altar very poor, but they are there, and may be expanded into wondrous height and breadth and beauty."

And it is this that most of all makes, or ought to make, you and me say from the depth of our souls, "It is good for us to be here," because the chance is offered us of taking a hand and making the world yet better than it is, of patching up its defects, overcoming its ignorance, fighting its wickedness, and casting out its demons. Except for such a chance, it might be a question whether life were really worth living. John Stuart Mill illustrates this in the striking passage in his autobiography in which he speaks of a great crisis in his mental history. "It occurred to me," he writes "to put the question directly to myself: 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant; would this be a great joy and happiness to you?' And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered 'No.' "

I am sure that we should all make the same answer to a similar question. If our world were already perfect in knowledge and goodness; nothing left to exert ourselves for in the way of moral or spiritual progress, would it then be good for us to be here? No; annihilation could not come too soon to end the ennui of such a stagnant, effortless existence. It is for this reason that none of the utopias that social reformers have dreamed of has really attracted men for long. We instinctively feel that a very imperfect social state, with improvement going on in it, is better to live in than any state of treadmill perfection. It is for this reason that the traditional idea of heaven has so little attraction for healthy minds. We want something to do. Struggle is hard, whether with poverty or ignorance; with pain of body or sin of soul, but no highest happiness is to be had on other terms; while if we are already happy ourselves, we may

thank God that we can still keep our happiness from turning sour, by doing something for those that are not.

So, in the end, the question puts itself to us in another form; not whether it is good for us to be here, but whether it is good for the world that we are here; not whether we are to stay on our Mount of Transfiguration and build tabernacles to abide in, leaving the world below us to want and suffer as it may, but whether we are to go down from it, like Jesus, to do deeds of mercy, and to labor on through hardship and danger if need be, in spreading the kingdom of God among men. And that question I leave as I close, for each of you to answer for himself.

The Office of the Church

By REV. JOHN D. REID, St. Paul, Minn.

Isaiah 56:7—Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people.

SUPERFICIALLY there is nothing of so slight interest to the average man as his own soul. But in such a matter appearances are bound to be misleading. In the profound sense the average man is interested in nothing else. It has been well said that we are "incurably religious". That is the significant and permanent fact about us.

It is possible to take too seriously the talk that now and then goes around about "the decline of faith." Broadly speaking, there can be no such thing. Religion is not transient; it abides. It has its seasons; its winters as well as its springs. There cannot be blossom and verdure and fruit in endless procession without interruption. But withered leaves and frost and ice-locked streams do not mean death. They mean the gathering of forces that shall presently give abundant evidence of themselves in renewed forth-puttings of vigor and beauty. From generation to generation, and outlasting all generations, the religious life of humanity persists. The spirit of it is always the same. Only its forms know change and decay. Its tides have their ebb as well as their flow; naturally; that is the way with tides.

So much for religion. But how about the church? Here we touch the question, not of the immutable constitution of things, but of human responsibility and the free exercise of our wills. The church is the institution that has for its special object the developing of the spiritual life and the engaging of the religious interest of mankind. There can be no failure of religion, but it is conceivable that the church might fall short of being the adequate exponent of religion. Has it on the whole been faithful to its trust?

Certainly, like all human institutions, the church has not been free from defects. But also, like every institution that has endured through many centuries, it has not proved wholly unfit in that for which it is designed. Through its ministrations and nurture the religious impulse has been brought to some worthy expression. The church has been the one organized effort to serve the deepest human need. Human nature is weak. And no doubt the church has often registered this weakness in its own lapses from its supreme aim. But human nature has also a wonderful capacity for recovery; and this likewise is reflected in the history of the church.

In its human quality on the one side, and in its spiritual authority on the other side, the church reads its great warrant. The need of the soul voiced by its cry for the living, God is met by the transfiguring and glorifying touch of the divine Spirit. And it is in preparing and administering the occasion of this the one true sacrament, that the church fulfills its funtion. And whenever the church has stood in need of quickening its life—

and when has it not stood so in need?—the quickening has always been found in the way of arousing its latent spiritual forces and recalling it to a sense of the essentially religious character of its mission. No other way can serve for long.

The various schemes of revision or reorganization that are resorted to for the purpose of increasing the church's effectiveness or restoring its power, generally come to nothing. This is because these things, external in their nature, are usually put forward in place of those inward and spiritual renewals that alone can purify and deepen and energize the life of the church. All questions of devices, methods, machinery, organization and the like are merely subsidiary. They have their transient and local importance to be sure, but in and of themselves they are futile. They are never of vital significance. The paramount issue lies always in the domain of spiritual dynamics. It is only through the unseen power of a deeply religious faith that any, even the best organization or method, can be made effective. It is the power, not the machinery, that makes the church

The church was instituted to serve the permanent need of the human soul, not just to cater to passing whims or fashions. And the permanent need of the human soul is to know itself a child of God and to live as a child of God. To this ever present need the church must address itself singly and directly and unremittingly. As long as it does this its tenure is secure.

Let the church stay in its own appointed field. Here it can have no rival. All other fields are either better occupied than it can hope to occupy them, or else they are not worth the essay.

It cannot avail to turn the church into an ethical culture society. Even if the attempt should succeed,—which is doubtful,—the exchange would be to no profit. You might have a good ethical culture society, but you would no longer have a church. The ethical culture society fills its own place admirably, but it does not fill the place of the church. Ethical culture alone cannot satisfy the highest aspirations and the deepest needs of men and women. It serves an important part of life, but after all not the whole of life. Though it has to do with conduct, yet it leaves untouched the deepest springs and motives of conduct. These are reached only by religion. Therefore at best the ethical culture society is a temporary institution. It has not the permanent sanction and office of the church.

Neither will it do to supplant the preacher with the lecturer or the essayist.

The pulpit is not primarily a place for critical and philosophical discussion. The life of God in the soul is its dominant theme. In that it must ground its views of human rights and duties and capacities.

On the other hand the preaching may not be childish or weakly sentimental or merely entertaining. Not so may the deep things of the spirit be communicated. A true religious attitude includes among other things some sense of fitness and some worthy exercise of the mental powers. It is conducive to sanity and virility and to intellectual as well as moral self-respect. Religion urges to pursuit of the best things. And this applies to thought as well as to action. Ignorance is not a virtue. There is no justification for light-mindedness. Complacency in these things is a fault. It has its roots in the character, not merely in the mental constitution. Thoughtfulness and intelligence are not just gifts of nature. They are virtues that require cultivation. The failure to cultivate them is in some degree a moral failure. We are to think seriously and reverently and seek in the largest possible measure to apprehend all truth in the height and the depth and the breadth of it. This is an important concern of the religious life; and the church cannot afford to countenance its neglect, nor the pulpit to fall below its requirements.

In the matter of worship let there be order, dignity, simplicity, and let all be pervaded with the atmosphere of devotion. Further than this it is a mistake to make a great to-do about forms and liturgies. Questions of this sort may, without detriment to the really vital interests

at stake, be settled variously according to the preferences of those immediately concerned. The church does not survive or perish on such issues as these.

As touching social activities in the parish, the forming of societies and clubs of one sort and another, it is best not to put overmuch dependence in them. The church as a club may lead a merry life, but it stands it in hand to take heed lest as a church it be swamped. Such attractions may break up the social apathy of a parish, but they will not disturb its e religious apathy in the least. Desirable as such adjuncts to the church may be within the bounds of moderation, they do not define the spiritual aim of the church, and they tend easily to excess.

And here the case of the institutional church presents itself. Interesting experiments in this direction have been made, and it may cheerfully be conceded that in special instances the institutional church has justified itself. There may may be exigencies where such a church fills in a gap. But the eternal reason for the church's being does not demand the church of the institutional type. Exceptional situations aside, there is no good reason why the church in general should not find its all-sufficient task in its great office as the inspirer of life and incidentally of all humanitarian and educational enterprise, instead of seeking to become merely one among the already fast multiplying agencies of such enterprise. Let the school, the hospital, the theater, the club, the social settlement, the charitable association, each do its own work. The church can best co-operate with them by confining itself to its own distinctive function, That is good social and good spiritual economy. It observes the rule of good team-play that there should not be overlapping or duplication of work.

It was not without a sense of the fitness of things that the church was called the house of God. It is true that God is no more in the church than he is in every place. But by calling it his house and making it a house of prayer, we charge with meaning and power the thought of his abiding presence in the world.

We are all agreed that it is wise to separate church and state. We shall be not less well advised if we maintain some distinction between sacred and secular. Now in a very fine sense it is true that nothing is secular; that all things are sacred. But the perception of this depends on the prevailing attitude of our minds. It is the special office of the church to cultivate the religious attitude. And it can best accomplish its aim by keeping it constantly in view and not diverting its energies to other objects even though they are kindred with its own. Thus will there be less risk of confusion as to the real purpose of the church and attention will be more surely directed to what is central and enduring in religion and in life. The world will know that, whatever may be secular, this beauty of holiness which the church steadily holds up as the crown of all striving, is sacred; and in the growing light of that surpassing vision shall be revealed the sacredness of all things.

The church is not the laboratory for the working out of the various philosophical social,or even theological problems of the modern world. It is the inn of sojourn for the refreshing and heartening of the workers in these and other fields. The church is not properly the arena wherein are fought out the issues that attend the social and political progress of the world. These issues are not alien to its sympathy In a measure it must always reflect them. But its special affair is to cultlivate faith in the things of the spirit. It demonstrates its power not in action, but in religious sentiment, which is the spring of all generous, high-minded action. It discharges its mission in the fostering of a noble spirit. It wisely trusts the people in whom this spirit has been nurtured to deal with the great questions that force themselves on the mind and conscience of the world.

I make bold to say that religion is not on all fours the same thing as ethical progress or industrial betterment or social justice. Religion is the leaven that these things need to save them from a sordid materialism. The contribution of religion to these great ends is indeed incalculable. The religious spirit must be carried over into them to make them vital and to give them their full scope

and effect. And it must give account of itself in them in order to prove its own genuineness and worth. But it is not identical with them. It is not specifically expressed by them.

Religion is essentially spiritual self-possession. It is the pre-possession of spiritual-mindedness. It is distinctively the spiritual outlook of life, the spiritual attitude toward life. Out of this its essential character must flow certain beneficial and momentous results in the sphere of life and action. But first and foremost the concern of the church is not with the manifestations, but with the source of them. To give to the individual soul the freedom, the poise, the uplift, the inspiration that it needs to the end that it may acquit itself valiantly and victoriously in the battlefields of life,is the supreme task with which the church is charged. the one task that no institution except the church has ever somuch as attempted. That is the church's burden and it is her glory.

The great office of religion as administered by the church is not to organize reforms and attack abuses and engage in the world's work, but to foster and fortify and build up the inner, spiritual life of men and women to the end that they may be the better enabled to meet the demands of the world on them and not sink under the burden or yield to discouragement or weary in well-doing.

Religion finds its widest play in the currents of the world's movement, but it does not find its inspiration there. Our help does not come from our work. Our help cometh from the hills. And unless we lift up our eyes to the hills our work will wear out and leave us utterly prostrated and broken.

In quietness and detachment, not in turmoil and immersion, must the church fulfill its ministry. When we go apart to pray it will only defeat our purpose, if we carry our problems and our work in us. If we would indeed come back to our work strengthened and refreshed, we must for the time being leave our anxieties and burdens behind. Then we may reasonably hope to return to them better fitted to deal with them. The hour of worship should be an hour of rest. Only so can we get the inspiration we need for the fighting of life's battles and the meeting of its requirements.

People who do not sleep nights soon find their efficiency for the day's work impaired. So they who fail to find in the hour of worship a time of peace and serenity will fall short of the spiritual vitality they need to carry them through the trials and undertakings of their every day lot. Don't take your worries to bed with you, and don't take them to church with you. In the one case you deplete yourself physically, in the other spiritually. Sufficient unto the *day* is the evil thereof.

The church is set in the world to bear witness to the reality and the power of religion. Its great aim is spiritual culture. Only in holding to that aim can it do its work in the world and for the world. If, under the pressure of some alleged popular demand, it essays to give something poorer than its best, it compromises itself in the very seat of its authority.

The church is commissioned to furnish inspiration and guidance and comfort in the things of the spirit. To do this with effect it must assume the validity of its office. It must assume that religion is an indestructible element in the lives of men and women. It must with absolute confidence make its appeal to the religious instinct of the people. The appeal will not be in vain. It never has been in vain. The assumption will be justified in the end.

Religion is not going to fail from the earth. Nor is the church a dying institution so long as it may be said of it that it is a house of prayer for all nations.

THE BLACKBIRD

O blackbird! sing me something well;
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine! the range of lawn and park:
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

—*Tennyson: The Blackbird*

The Interpetation of Life

By REV. CHARLES E. ST. JOHN, Philadelphia, Pa.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."—Matt. xvi. 24

WE are immortal beings,—beings compacted of the germs of all excellence. Each human being is a power, more or less conscious of itself, tending toward the things that are absolutely right. In every soul exists the power of being honorable, faithful, patient, pure in heart; the power of loving, of making sacrifices for the sake of love and righteousness and especially the power of independent exertion of will. The beginnng of the realization of everything that has ever inspired our race lives in these immortal souls of ours. We accept to the full everything that men of science have established, or may in the future establish, concerning the origin of our souls. We gladly recognize that we are born out of the bosom of this good old earth and its expression. But notwithstanding all these teachings that may be given us, and reaching far beyond anything that is implied in them, there rises this magnificent perception, which is given to every one of us, that we are immortal beings, conditioned under God to work for the things of God to take them into our souls as our own and our very self, to guide us from this day on forever more.

Each one, consciously or unconsciously is already a power of the immortal life. And the deepest thing that is in us, inspiring the exertion of that power of the immortal life, is a great yearning to express these qualities which we dimly know are within us. We desire to put forth the power that we have, and thereby gain more power out of the great realms of God, which in turn we may put forth the blessings of our brothers and the laying of the earthy foundations of the kingdom of God. We desire, each and every one of us, to express ourselves our natures, our whole being. We desire in that self-expression and by that self-expression to bring ourselves into contact with God, so that we shall know day by day more and more about God, and so make Him the greatest and nearest reality of all our experience. We desire with this great and wonderful longing to find satisfaction in living, so as to be glad that we are alive day by day, moment by moment, in that we are able in some way to express ourselves, and by the very joy of that expression to come to the consciousness that we have that in us which is worth expressing.

Yet behold the conditions which we find confronting us. Inspired as we are by such magnificent yearnings, such splendid ideals and hopes, we find ourselves faced by a world which seems to be dominated by hardship, by perplexity by disappointment, by loss, by sorrow, by things that crush our souls. It often seems as if the harder we tried to express that which is best in us the more forcibly we come up against those barriers, shall I call them? Whatever they are, we group them under the name of life's discipline. Whoso is bravest seems to have the most to contend against. Whosoever is patient and innocent in his living seems to have the most of affliction turned upon his life.

How are we to interpret this relation between our eager spirits and the world in which we are compelled to live? Grant again everything that the man of science claims under the name of evolution; grant that the experience of our race and the creatures from which we descended have brought forth these relations which exist between us and between ourselves and nature. Still, we do not interpret those hard conditions and our relation to them by going back to the beginnings. You cannot interpret anything human by searching out the origin of all things human. The only way to interpret out life is to study our own souls as they are now, conscious of their immortality, conscious of their nearness to the life of

God. Let us study human souls and see what the effect upon them of these conditions of living which are called the disciplines of life. Many interpretations are offered.

There are those who tell that these hard things in life are dark shadows coming between the light and the creatures of God that cannot live without light. They tell us that these dread things of life are to be likened to a vast swarm of repulsive vultures gathering around that which is about to die. They tell us that these trials are something to be battled with, that they are foes of our finer being, that they are the instrumentalities of the great enemy of God. They even dare to tell us that these things display the wrath of God. So they interpret life as a hedged-in thing, and tell us that our restless spirits are simply chafing under conditions which offer nothing but opposition to everything that is best in the human soul. So they call us to arms whenever they ask us to serve God and humanity, and urge us to come out and fight,—fight our enemies, beat down the things that obstruct our progress.

How easy it is to respond to that great appeal! The challenge to arms moves every strong nature; and when we answer it, and take the world that we live in as a hostile thing, feeling that we are indeed given over by God, into the hands of Satan for some mysterious reason ever unknown to us, then how easy it is for us to imagine that, whatever we do, God is on our side, and not on the other side! How easy it is, under that law of living, to imagine that we are following our fine ambition to express our being, when we are simply asserting ourselves in a way that is not noble, but chiefly animated by the desire to win, to put down something, to overcome some force or party, some army or nation that may be opposed to our own! It seems to me that this interpretation of life is deficient in the fundamental principle of Christian living, that of self-denial. A certain type of self-sacrifice appears in the life of the soldier who is the representative of this interpretation of life. Where wars have led men to strive against men with the great ambition of winning victories, there have been many things given up, even life itself. There men have displayed courage, which in the pages of romance and reality alike always inspires us. Yet back of that note of triumph which comes to us out of the military life there lies the great, underlying, mournful wail of them that suffer wrong, of them that are beaten down with sorrows that need not have been. So we learn that that kind of self-sacrifice is a self-sacrifice which gets so overwhelmed with the vision of glory as to forget the consequences of rushing onward after glory, as to forget the sorrows, the afflictions, and the sins that have ever followed in the trail of the simple militant life. No, let us seek another interpretation of this life of ours.

There are other people who hold to the opinion that our life is a completed thing, that in the present there is little that is great, that whosoever would come into contact with human greatness, with beautiful living, must go back into these dim past, where men have indeed wrought wondrously well. They devote themselves to the purely studious life, knowing, as is very true, that the record of a thousand years of human experience can show very much more of glory and completeness and beauty than can the record laid before us in any one day by the newspapers. So they say this time of ours does not produce those beautiful things that shine out of the records of a thousand years. They say that whosoever would find ideals of righteousness, whosoever would find human strength, the ability and the power of putting forth things that are great, must go back into the past and see what men have done. When the ardent souls of the present, active world come to these people who know the goodness of the past, and tell them with brave, young emotion what they mean to do for the uplifting of the world, these who think that life is completed always reply, "That has been tried, my young friend; that has been tried." Everything that you propose to these people

"has been tried." And the restless spirit, overcome by the perception of the reality of life so as for a moment to overlook the natural reverence for human experience, can but reply, "Yes, tried by *you*; but *I* have not tried these ways, and *I* propose to try them." Why, it is given to every one who will deeply and nobly understand the possibilities of his being to know that it is not the success of effort that is the chief thing, but the effort itself. Through ages on ages men have tried to do beautiful things; and men for ages and ages to come will patiently and bravely and ignorantly, if you will, go on trying to do these same things, unconsiously aware that it is the trying that brings out human life.

It is the endeavor that makes us be what we can be; and, compared with the endeavor, all the results are as nothing. Heaven lies out there before us; but it is the effort to get there that means something to strong souls, not the living therein. Whosoever found himself in heaven, free from responsibility, free from all difficulty, could do nothing but follow the example of th Master as it outlined in that fable of ancient Rome. Peter, discouraged by the great difficulty of the task in which he was engaged, had deserted the cause, and was fleeing from the wicked city, when he met the mysterious figure of his Master, and asked him, "Whither goest thou, Lord?" And his Master answered, "To Rome." Of course, what could the Master do but turn his back on Heaven, and go to the place where the stress of life is most serious? Where can any man, if he desires to express himself in works that shall be of use to the world, find a possibility of expressing himself other than under conditions which are hard? No, life is not a completed thing. Adam and Eve, to turn to another old fable and find a hidden truth in it,—Adam and Eve, created mature and happy, must of necessity prove to be moral weaklings. Not until the flaming sword blazed between them and their paradise did they begin to do anything for this race or for God.

There is hinted the true interpretation of life,—an interpretation which recognizes this existence of ours as one of responsible progress. These hard things that come down upon us so overwhelmingly are not to be taken as something to be fought against, but as something to be used by souls that know how to emply material that is given to them, used in the cause of all righteousness, used in the putting forth of the power that is in us. Shaped though they may be by human experience, and elaborated before that by the natural process of evolution, still what they say to us from the great mind of God is, "Here, child of mine, is at last a chance for you to be something stronger and finer than you have ever been before." When the sorrows of my life come down upon me, I may in my human ignorance of the future pray that the cup may pass from my lips; but, when that cup actually touches my lips, then I have a chance to be patient, earnest, consecrated unto all good things such as I never had before.

How *could* any human soul grow in the power of patience, taking up this germ that is in him by the love of God and making it grow day by day to be larger than it is,—how could he possibly do it unless he had something that required patience of him? How could we by any possibility put forth into this world the splendid influence of purity of heart, unless there were continually confronting us possibilities of being something other than pure in heart? Take any noble quality of our lives, and apply it that test. You will find that every hardship that comes to any human soul, howsoever excessive the hardship may be, gives him the chance to use it as to become a better soul than he has been before. He may not be glad that it has come. It may not add to the happiness of his life. Of two men, one of them innocently and jubilantly happy day by day and the other one commanded by a certain fine public spirit and a disciplined self-control under his vision of the things that are,—of these two, which one is worth more to you and to this world and to God? Not the merely happy man ever. Yet I have seen enough of life to dare to be-

lieve that, whensoever any human soul takes hold of his life in the spirit of the soldier who goes forth to serve and not simply to fight, and acts constantly by the great purpose of building the kingdom of God and his righteousness,—invariably unto that man there are added certain lesser sweet things of life,—contentment, happiness, or something else which satisfies him just as well.

So in the case of these sorrows, difficulties, afflictions, which we call discipline: it is given to us to put forth our simple human will. It is given to every man to say,—

'It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Oh, it is wondrously true that "the path of duty is the way to glory;" wondrously true that all glory, which can permanently satisfy those who deserve it, all glory which can be laid before God as a tribute to him, is won by those who follow the path of duty, and understand that the path of duty is the daily, patient splendid dealing with those things that are monotonous and difficult in our several lives. God asks us to be good; and here all around us, like flowers in our way, he scatters opportunities to be good, and to do something that is helpful, something that is patient, something that is pure. He asks us that we follow the Master in the great demonstration of the law of self-sacrifice; and here by our way there are opportunities for us to do that thing, and nothing to prevent us from doing it save the weakness that exists in our souls. The true interpretation of life is one that will help men to see that the hardships of life, the sorrows and the pains of life, are a throne unto which we are all born by virtue of our being heirs of God. It is a throne of power, and whoesoever lightly or timidly abdicates that throne does a weak and shameful deed.

We are told by those who do not interpret life on this basis that the picture which is called "The Man with the Hoe" displays the hard and oppressive limitations under which those that toil must ever live. Now far be it from me to say a word which would seem to indicate a lack of sympathy for those who are obliged to toil under circumstances more oppressive than those which I myself have to meet. I venture to claim that I know something about the harder and more oppressive conditions of life; but because I know these things, and because I have seen human souls dealing with them magnificently, I dare to interpret the most difficult lives by saying, you must round out the picture of "The Man with the Hoe" with another picture of the same artist, "Thec Angelus," and recognize that at any moment the man with the hoe can find the true meaning of what he is about by lifting up his spirit unto God. At any moment any human being, engaged in whatsoever trials and difficulties and limitations, can take hold of those things, and so deal with them as to wrest all moral possibilities from them, and to rise in majesty before those who observe, and reveal the glory of spiritual living,—gain, in short, the only thing for which an immortal life is given.

Go on doing all that you can for those who are troubled and oppressed, but do not so belittle their immortal souls as to imagine that you have to change the conditions of their lives before they can find noble expression of what is loveliest in human nature. We all have our chance, and therefore we ought all of us to be glad that we are alive. We ought all of us to go on from the footing where we now stand, and put forth the qualities that are within us by means of the opportunities which God has given us, understanding, through this Christian interpretation of life, that our difficulties are divine opportunities, and not limitations set up by Satan.

The great symbol of the cross of Christ expresses this side of life. Do not think that the cross was a limitation upon the life of Jesus. The cross was to him what these crosses of ours are to us,—his moral opportunity. In the presence of that opportunity, what did he not do for this world of ours! Set forth the cross still as the symbol of the opportunities of life, but say that the

life of Christ is the symbol of our immortal life. The cross that he bore is but the symbol of the crosses that we bear,—simply that symbol to show us that in hardships of life appear man's grandest open doors. If life is not hard for anybody, his first duty under God is to go out and find something that is hard. There is no other way to get that cross upon one's shoulder than to go out and find something that is hard. These hopes for easy living, these unappreciative words about a heaven that shall give rest everlasting,—how wide they are from the mark that is set for us by the cross of our Master!

Life, then, is not a battle. Put it the other way, and it will be true: battle is a life. Battle of all kinds gives us the chance to live, the chance to be men and women, the chance to be heroic, the chance to be divine. Life appeals to us still for the soldierly spirit. But instead of that old-time inspiration which comes to us from the clanking accoutrements of war, instead of that inward exaltation in us which military calls out, we are coming at last to feel the leadership of Christ, and to see so clearly and so happily the thrilling ideals of the loftiest life that come down to us from God through our teacher as to find in them the same power of appeal that has been given to the soldier of the olden days by the mere call to arms. It is given to us to turn upon these perils of our daily lives instead of fleeing from them when we can; to turn upon them and take them as the opportunities of our lives in such a fashion that we shall be able to make the books and the tools we use flash continually as with the gleaming of the sword; able to give to the ordinary incidents of our lives the insistence of musketry, and all the power and dignity and lift that romance has thrown into the marching of armies of men and the contending of men on desperate fields of battle.

Action, then, is the keynote of this interpretation of our lives. Being immortal is always better than winning immortality. Building heaven here upon earth is of necessity better for us now than any thought of heaven that is to come, though our hearts are filled with the conviction that an immortal progress lies before us all.

Now, it is given to our church, to all churches, of the Christian name,—and I dare say to many other churches that do not take the Christian name,—it is given to us to stand upon these massive foundations of faith and interpret to our land the life that human souls must live. It is given to us to go out and interpret unto a nation that nation's grief,—the greatest work that has ever been undertaken by man. Statesmen may interpret unto their nations the relations between land and land. The teachers whom we honor may interpret unto us the true laws of human society. But the greatest work to which the mind can turn is to go out and interpret unto human souls the griefs that come upon them, to go out and interpret to a nation the underlying divine purposes that are to be found in everything that is sad, in every affliction, in every crime, to see the larger meaning of the hero's death, to go out and show our nation, comrades,—you and I, —to go out and show our nation that by virtue of the underlying justice of God our revered President has done more for us, more for the progress of righteousness in this world, more for the setting forth of all things that were dear to his heart, by dying with the simple Christian courage that he showed than he possibly could have done by living among us many more years. Whosoever can see these things can teach the whole world to possess their spirits in magnificent patience in recognition of the unfailing law of God, by which we are all always, under all circumstances, controlled. He knows the deeps of life who can interpret unto the land how God, in his infinite wisdom, can take up even the blind wickedness of a fool and make that a part of the growth of righteousness in a nation.

Whosoever is able to interpret such things and hold of the hand of the present God through all national difficulties, and all personal ones, he is the man and

that is the church that in the years that are to come are going to make Christianity the power over reasonable minds that it is surely destined to be. Oh, the joy of it! to be able to make men glad that they are alive, and, though the whole world be swarming with iniquity, to make people see the beauty of the beautiful life and the possibility of making life beautiful in every corner of every city in the world! to be able to go out and show to men that here and now we are living in a golden age! There never will be, there never was, *the* golden age. We are living in that which is golden, and that is enough for our satisfaction; for it appeals unto everything that is in us. It draws out all the powers that we have just so fast as they spring up in our being. O Church of God, come ye up to these mountain tops, these peaks of the glory of interpreting life deeply and well! Take these things of faith,—faith in God, faith in your own souls, faith in other souls, faith in the interminable future,—take these splendid things of faith and go out and interpret them to human souls wheresoever you find any one who does not know that life is a glorious thing.

Give to us for this work, fathers and mothers, your finest youth. Oh, to think of the fathers and mothers that have turned aside brave, young minds that were inclined to go into this ministry of the interpretation of life, turned them aside from that highest of all things human, and asked them to do works that are less potent! Give to us, not the boys and girls that cannot do anything else, but the finest youth of your homes, and we will give them work to do that will strain every nerve in them, and enable them to put forth power upon power, of which they may never dream if they go into any other life.

There lies before the Church of God in this world of ours a destiny compared with which all the glories of the past shall be forgotten. For never, in completeness, in patience, in great breadth of action, has this Christian interpretation of life been given unto man. Here and there in the past we find a man who has been both a hero and a wise soul, and has put forth his activities on such a basis; but the Christian Church as a whole never evenly dimly understood the possibility of doing it. When at last the Christian Church does range up to the level of the life of its Master, then it will produce results which will prove how much better than any other sphere for human activity is that offered by the privilege of interpreting life so as to make men glad that they have a chance of grappling with the things that are hard. When that generous gladness comes, then the man who has been moaning because he is downtrodden wakes up and sees at last that in the fact that he is downtrodden he has a challenge from God which enables him to bring out splendid things in his soul. Rightly proclaimed, this interpretation inspires him to forget his poor oppressor in the splendid joy of the things he is accomplishing by God's grace through the foolishness of the oppressor.

We have got to revolutionize our modern methods of charity. We have got to revolutionize our preaching. We have got to get a new comprehension of the possibilities of Christianity. We are to go forth under the banner of our leader, doing these things. There are many others who are doing it, God be praised! but we are freer in some ways to enter upon this service. Why is it that we are not all on fire, every one who calls himself a Unitarian, on fire with the splendid example that is always set before us by our Master bearing his cross? How is it that each and every one of us, preachers and laity alike, are not eagerly grasping for our cross, in order to go out and follow the Master, and live so gloriously well as to make not only ourselves happy, but to give happiness to many others day by day? It is only the bearing of the cross that will accomplish this. It is only toil that permits high self-expression. It is only they that are pioneers in advancing the interests of humanity that are in the best possible way able to interpret by their actions this glorious human life; and, if we interpret it accordingly to our strength and vision, we can lead the army of those who live thus nobly.

It is your privilege and mine thus to take a manful part in these coming grander days of an enlightened and invigorated Christianity. If we will interpret life according to our vision, and live according to our inner strength, making both speech and action proclaim the glory of the doing of duty, we shall render unto God an acceptable sacrifice, and unto men an inspiring service.

The Isles of Shoals Meetings

"Of all the months of the rolling year
July is the best by far,
For 'tis then we gather from far and near,
On the friendly island of Star."

So wrote one of the devotees of the enchanted islands just off the New Hampshire coast which bear the name Isles of Shoals.

For now fourteen seasons a company of Unitarians has held an eight-day session at this delightful spot. It was Hampton Beach across the "moving miles" of ocean coolness and full in sight from Star that inspired Whittier to say:

"They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay.
To fling their loads of custom down,
Like driftwood, on the sand slopes brown
And in the sea waves drown the restless pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon
their track."

But it seems to those of us who know the sweet refreshment of the island atmosphere that he was writing with this spot in mind.

This year's program was carried out with good spirit and in excellent manner. The morning devotional meetings, always inspiring because held in the little stone church of the fishers, were again a very helpful series. Rev. Chester A. Drummond of Somerville, Mass., began the week with a talk which was much appreciated and reported by one of the New Hampshire papers at length.

The program of the week, as announced in the June issue of The Unitarian, was begun on Sunday morning, July 10th with a talk by Rev. Chester A. Drummond, of Somerville, Mass., and a religious service with a sermon by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson of Cambridge, Mass. In the evening of the same day was held another religious service with a sermon by Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson. Other speakers were Rev. Dudley R. Freeman of Braintree, Mass., Rev. A. H. Robinson of Newton Centre, Rev. Samuel A. Maxwell of Greenfield, and Rev. A. W. Clark.

The topic of the week entitled "The Essential Faiths of the Modern Man" was delivered in six separate addresses by six powerful and interesting speakers, the first of whom being Rev. John Mills Wilson of Lexington, Mass., the title of his address being "The Divine Fact of Human Nature". Speaking along these lines in a very explicite manner, explaining every point in such a clear way as to give full meaning and significance to the topic talked upon. In his address Mr. Wilson showed man to be a divine being, a partner to God Himself in working out that which He has set before them to do. Proving further that man is divine he traced this divine fact in the realization which man gives to the world which would otherwise be a universe of things with but very little meaning; by his system of thought which makes it vivid; by his worth order which makes it worthy; by the religious and moral interests which enrich and dignify it.

"The Essential Faith in God," used by Rev. Fredrick Gill of Arlington, Mass., as the title of this, the second address bearing on the main topic, showed how man's mind passes from one phaze to another, through the brute facts of life to that of spiritual reality,coming at last to the realization of reverence of God's presence. in his life and of his willing-

STONE CHAPEL ON STAR ISLAND

Isles of Shoals, off the Coast of New Hampshire, where the morning services of the Unitarian Summer Meetings and Institute were held July tenth to seventeenth

ness to cast aside the bruitish thoughts and take up with spiritual blessings.

On Wednesday the Young Peoples' Religious Institute was held, that day being set aside for the Institute and for addresses to the young people by various speakers. Morning chapel was conducted by Rev. Alson H. Robinson, who read from the New Testament, after which he spoke of the departure of the travellers from Boston who, on this afternoon were leaving for the International congress in London, England.

Rev. Sidney B. Snow of Concord, N. H., in giving the morning address delivered the third of addresses pertaining to the topic of the week, his address being "The Principal of Growth in Religion" making it clear to all the entanglement involved by faith divine. Interesting at all times and explicate in all of his illustrations.

Following Mr. Snow Prof. Ralph Barton Perry., of Harvard University, dealt with "The Ethical Focus of Religion". This subject pertained to exemplify the the extent of which religion contains moral ideas and also to the extent to which religion contributes to moral life of mankind. Proving to his listeners that beyond a doubt religion has a very extensive moral focus, bringing a new feeling of equality and of man's duty.

The fifth address relating to the general topic,"The Persistent Significance of the Christ Ideal", bearing on the mission of Jesus; the attempt to modernize the Christ-Ideal; the inability to supplant the vague, historic Jesus, was thoroughly and conclusively delivered by Dr. Joseph H. Crooker of Rosindale, Mass.

The last of the six addresses on "The Essential Faith of Modern Man" was given by Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, using as his subject "The Essential Immortality." He showed in his address the impossibility of any logical conception of the future that might fit itself to the present day intellectual capabilities.

Each of the six speakers was warmly welcomed and in each instance held his audience spell-bound and in deep thought, causing each to consider well and bringing to them all a feeling of willingness to do his share to live up to the topic of the week.

Through the day the addresses on the principal topic of the week were attentively listened to and in the evenings the audiences were fully as attentive, listening to addresses, lectures, etc., of a more varied character, given to both deep, sound and thoughtful subjects and to lighter talks, by many different speakers.

On Monday evening the audience was enlivened by the efforts of Rev. Frederick R. Lewis of Hopedale, Mass., showing the place of Mark Twain as a humorist. Giving anecdotes and comparing the deeper influence of his impatience with shams and his friendliness with all the world. Mr. Lewis was warmly applauded and enjoyed by the large audience.

A lecture on "The Duty of the Church to the Drama", given by Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, of Ann Harbor, Mich., suggesting ways in which to meet our undoubted responsibility, comparing statements of the present conditions and noting the signs of the present times, was heralded with interest.

Prof. Charles Zueblin proved himself capable of holding his audience, as in the midst of his lecture "The Religion of the Common Life," the lights all gave out and the building was in total darkness. Regardless of this hindrance Prof. Zueblin kept on with his talk and easily held the listeners attention.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York speaking at Applegate on "The Theology of Theodore Parker", showed how God, the Moral Law and Immortality constitute the essence of Parker's gospel. Of how all the developments of religious thought have been along the line which he marked out.

The subject, "The Use of Pictures in Religious Instruction," with stereopticon illustrations, was talked upon by Miss Francis M. Dadmun of Winchester, Mass., on Saturday evening. The stereopticon illustrating the sort of pictures to be shown and not to be shown to children.

In the Stone meeting house morning services were regularly held, conducted successively by Rev. Chester A. Drum-

mond, Rev. D. R. Freeman, Rev. A. H. Robinson, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell, Req. George D. Sanders and Rev. A. W. Clark. Communion services were held on Sunday morning conducted by Rev. William I. Lawrance of Winchester, Mass.

Rev. Thomas VannNess preached at Appledore, summing up the results in actual, practical value of the various Unitarian theological beliefs, fully discussed throughout the week; and in the evening Rev. Richard W. Boynton gave the sermon at the religious service held on Star.

At the business meeting held the reports show a successful and prosperous year.

The Womans' Alliance Meeting on Thursday afternoon was presided over by Mrs. Patterson, who delivered an address followed with addresses by Mrs. Bishoprick, Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Mrs. Fiske, and others, and a poem by Mrs. Caroline L. Dodge.

The music rendered by the Westland Quartette during the week was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated and especially their Friday evening's concert. The quartette consisted of Mrs. Miller, Miss Van Norden, Miss Coe and Miss Dadmun with Miss Marian Marshall Brown as pianist. Their selections were delightful, their voices charming, blending harmoniously one with the other.

Upon a motion offered by Mr. William Howell Reed and passed by a standing vote, a resolution was adopted that the Isles of Shoals Conference send to Dr. Charles G. Ames the following expression of the love and sympathy of its members in his long illness:

"In his sick-room and in his hours of weariness we remember here with tenderness and reverence his inspiring ministry, his devoted service, his noble life. He has been the leader, the guide, the friend, the comforter, of multitudes of men and women. He has brought good cheer, sweetness and light, comfort and strength to many faltering hearts, and has opened many pathways upward into the blessedness of high communion with the Father of us all. It is our prayer that he may be cheered and comforted by the thought that many friends are with him through lonely hours, and that the blessing he has brought to others may now descend on him as a benediction."

The week was well filled with addresses both formal and informal, with happy social converse of the many gathered Unitarians and the farewells came all too soon for most of them.

There seems to be some uncertainties as to the future of these helpful meetings as the title to the Islands has changed hands, but there were delightful rumors circulating there this year to the effect that quite possibly the title might change once more and our beloved Star become the property of the Unitarian Summer Meetings Association, with all the promise of increased facilities, better hotel service and general good news all along the line. But this is a rumor-secret and is only entrusted to the Unitarian because we feel the joy which the fulfilling of this dream would bring. The Unitarian has given much space for years to the Isles of Shoals meetings and we are sure that the Isles of Shoals people appreciate it.

PERSONALS

Rev. John Henry Applebee, who has been pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Attleboro, Mass., has accepted a call to the May Memorial Church of Syracuse, N. Y. of which Dr. Samuel R. Calthrop is a pastor emeritus. Mr. Applebee will begin his new pastorate January 1.

On October the first Rev. William W. Peck, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Winchendon, Mass., will resign his charge to become a clerk in a banking house of I. M. Taylor and Company of Boston. Mr. Peck has been the pastor of the Winchendon Unitarian Church for the past three years and is held in the highest esteem by its members, and who regret his decision to leave the ministry.

Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, Rev. Charles E. St. John, and Prof. Jesse H. Holmes, all good Unitarians, are sojourning for awhile in Europe.

I believe that no nation is good enough to govern another nation without that nation's consent.—*John the Unafraid.*

Funeral of Dr. George L. Cary.

Since our last issue Dr. George L. Cary, of Meadville, Pa. one of the most widely known and best loved Unitarians has passed into the great beyond. The Meadville *Tribune-Republican* had the following to say of the service held in his memory:

A service wholly beautiful in its simplicity and appropriate to the memory of the man for whom it was a memorial was held at the home of the late Dr. George L. Cary Friday afternoon, and at the close the remains were laid to rest in Greendale cemetery. There were beautiful flowers, and the attendance of friends was representative of the high place Mr. Cary held in the hearts and minds of all the people of the community.

There was no music, and what was said was almost wholly personal,—a short review of the life of Prof. Cary and tributes from personal friends.

The Rev. Henry T. Secrist, minister of the Unitarian church, was in charge of the service, which opened by the Rev. Dr. Mason of Pittsburg, with the reading of an appropriate poem, "God is Wisdon God is Love," following which Prof. F. A. Christie read from the Beatitudes and Mr. Secrist offered prayer.

Dr. Franklin C. Southworth was the first to speak, and his tribute was very beautiful. He spoke first of the sadness of the occasion, to pay the tribute of affection to the memory of Dr. Cary, who has been among us nearly half a century and in all those years he was deeply interested in all that made for the higher life. He gave nearly forty-eight years of faithful service to the Meadville Theological School.

Dr. Cary was of the best product of New England. Dr. Southworth referred to his graduation from Harvard University in 1852, and said that before he came to Meadville he had achieved character in a college not far away. He came when our college was young: he had a variety of subjects, and one department he made his own,—New Testament Literature,—and he became a pioneer in the work. All who have been students under him testify to his qualities of mind and heart; and because of the work he has done for them on this hill he has been their more than supporter and guide. This community knows something of his great breadth and interest for the general weal.

President Southworth spokeof his own impressions of Dr. Cary, and said that, if he were to choose, he would select two—and the first would be his great modesty. Dr. Cary was always most generous and considerate. I could not but notice how distinctly his own personality was divorced in all his work. All selfishness was cut out. Never for a moment was he thinking of self. It has never been my fortune to know a man of finer or more self-effacing modesty.

My second thought of him would be of his great optimism. His life seemed to have been founded in deep and abiding faith. He was not only a settled theolagian, but he had a deep piety of the heart, a piety which did not appear on the surface, and in this appeared a faith in the power of goodness—faith in young men, and at four-score years of age he was still a young man himself. His ability to sink self and personal aims in great ideals was wonderful. After nearly fifty years with young men he seemed still to have retained the optimism of youth.

Now the grief that comes to us is a personal grief, because he has been taken away. We ought to be grateful that such a life has been among us. The life of the community has been made better by his presence.

Dr. Mason of Pittsburgh followed Dr. Southworth, speaking for the graduates of the Meadville Theological School, of whom he is one. He said he regarded it as one of his most sacred experiences, to bear evidence to the worth of his teacher, his friend, and spiritual father. I would like, said Dr. Mason, to have regarded my few words not for myself, but for the great company of men scattered all over the world who studied under the guidance of Dr. Cary. He was more than teacher to these young men who came here through all these long years. He was their hero, and justly so; for did they not know him as the first teacher of

religious truth in any institution of the land?

In spite of his great scholarship, there never was any condescension among us; but we were all as common students, pursuing the great things of life. Dr. Cary was a great teacher. He was not only master of the subjects, but of our needs. He revealed the student to himself. He was the embodiment of honesty, courage, gentleness, purity, reverence,—these were all possessions of his: they animated the whole fibre of his being. He has been for me the embodiment of the Christ life, he has been the Christ ideal. He is still present with all his students: in all their lives Prof. Cary speaks and always will speak.

Dr. W. I. Lawrance, former pastor of the Meadville church, also spoke briefly, dwelling with great feeling on his personal acquaintance with Dr. Cary which had covered a period of twenty-two years. I always counted him a true friend, said he, and our views were ever the same. No separation of land or sea made any difference, and even living in the same town and not seeing each other for months or a year, there was constant harmony of thought.

There are friendships like the fire of tinder wood, and there are fires like that of the anthracite, which seem to burn low, but retain the heat, and that was his kind. He would rather do than offer to do, he would rather be than seem to be. I have been with him in his study by the hour, when he sat with book in hand and I supposed he was reading,—but he was thinking. He would sit thus for hours, never moving a hand or foot unless in connection with the work he had in mind, so perfect was his control of his mind. He was a man of God because he knew God as a Deity by experience. This is the man we have had with us, the man we loved: this is the man we honor to-day while our hearts are heavy.

Rev. Mr. Secrist read the hymn, "It Singeth Low in Every Heart," and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Lawrance.

The interment was private, the following friends assisting as bearers: A. C. Huidekoper, Prof. F. C. Doan, Prof. Walter C. Green, E. P. Cullum, C. W. Tyler, and M. W. Sackett.—The *Tribune Republican, Meadville, Pa.*

The Meadville Institute.

The dull days about the Theological School were relieved this year by the Institute for Religious Education which was held at Meadville for two weeks the last of June and the first of July. The numbers were large enough to gratify those who planned the session. Several churches were represented and Pittsburg came with a big delegation from the two churches and a generous contribution. The forenoons were well crowded with work, the afternoons were left generally free for rest and recreation and the evenings were occupied with general lectures by Rev. Leon A. Harvey, Rev. L. W. Mason, D. D., and Rev J. H. Applebee, and readings and conferences by Rev. Wm. I. Lawrance. There were pleasant social occasions also.

Chapel was held every morning at 8:45 and was a helpful part of the day. Dr. Doan lectured in Honnewell Hall from nine to ten on The Religion of Childhood. It was a very valuable course and stimulated much thought and wholesome discussion. The company went at ten fifteen back to Divinity Hall to hear Dr. Christie speak of the Jesus of History and all were glad to have him able to remain throughout and open up the New Testament as they had not had it before. At eleven thirty the company went to the Commons Room to hear Miss Bullard's talk on kindergarten material On two of the days Miss Bullard conducted a practical class in Unitarian Parish House. Mr. Lawrance and Dr. Mason preached in the Unitarian church on the Sundays covered by the session.

It is intended that The Institute shall be held next summer to begin on the day after the last Sunday in June.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—*John A. Ruskin.*

THE HILLS

Partner, remember the hills?
The gray, barren, bleak old hills
We knew so well—
Not those gentle, placid slopes that swell
In lazy undulations, lush and green.
No; the real hills, the jagged crests,
The sharp and sheer-cut pinnacles of earth
That stand against the azure—gaunt, serene,
Careless of all our little worts and bests,
Our sorrow and our mirth!

Partner, remember the hills?
Those snow-crowned, granite battlements of hills
We loved of old.
They stood so calm, inscrutable and cold
Somehow it never seemed they cared at all
For you or me, our fortune or our fall,
And yet we felt their thrall;
And ever and forever to the end
We shall not cease, my friend,
To hear their call.

Partner, remember the hills?
The grim and massive majesty of hills
That soared so far.
Seeming, at night, to scrape against a star.
Do you remember how we lay at night
(When the great herd had settled down to sleep)
And watched the moonshine—white
Against the peaks all garlanded with snow,
While soft and low
The night wind murmured in our ears—and so
We wrapped our blankets closer, looked again
At those great, shadowy mountaintops, and then
Sank gently to our deep
And quiet sleep?

Partner, remember the hills?
The real hills, the true hills.
Ah, I have tried
To brush the memory of them aside;
To learn to love
These fresh, green hills the poets corol of;
Gut the old gray hills of barrenness still clutch
My heart so much
That I forget the beauty all about,
The grass and flowers and such;
And just cry out
To take again the faint and wind-swept trail,
To see my naked mountains, shale and snow,
To feel again the hill-wind and to know
The spell that shall not fail.

—*Berton Braley in Saturday Evening Post.*

Memorial Statue.

A memorial statue in memory is proposed for Dr. Edward Everett Hale to be erected in Boston. As Dr. Hale was so thoroughly a national character the plan is to enlist the co-operation of men and women and children from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A site on Copley square has been asked for from the city of Boston. On the front of the statue will be the following:

Edward Everett Hale
Man of Letters
Preacher of the Gospel
Prohet of Peace
1822 Patriot 1909

on either side:

Look up and not down
Look forward and not back
Look out and not in
Lend a hand

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is chairman of an honorary advisory committee composed of distinguished educators, statesmen and men of letters. The executive committee consists of the Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr., chairman, 41 India street, Boston; Dr. Francis H. Rowley, secretary, 45 Milk street, Boston; the Hon. Charles W. Clifford, Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, the Rev. Edward Cummings, the Rev. James DeNormandie, the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, Pres. Harry A. Garfield, Hon. Marcus P. Knowlton, the Hon. Herbert Parker, Mr. Wallace L. Pierce, Mr. William Howell Reed, Mr. Henry B. Sawyer, and Mr. C. Howard Walker.

Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., of Boston have kindly consented to act as treasurers of the fund and will forward a certificate of subscription to each contributor.

Even to us, feeble and fluctuating as we are, ministers shall be assigned, and through our hands blessings shall be conveyed in which the spirits of just men made perfect might delight.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

Liverpool Reception

The Christian Life of London, England, has the following relative to some of our ministers who are in Europe this summer:

On Saturday evening a very interesting function took place at the Royal Institution, Colquitt street, Liverpool, when a large number of the American delegates and friends were entertained by the local Unitarians. After reception and conversation, Rev. J. Collins Odgers M. A., President of the Liverpool District Missionary Association; Sir William Bowring, Bar. and Mr. Richard D. Holt, M. P., in short congratulatory speeches, voiced the feelings of the large assembly which had gathered to welcome the American guests. These were responded to in racy American fashion by Rev. Charles E. St. John of Philadelphia; Rev. Thomas. Slicer of New York, Rev. H. P. Forbes, Dean of the Canton Theological School (Universalist and Prof. Jesse H. Holmes, of Swarthmore College, Penn., a member of the Society of Friends all of whom said how glad they were of the opportunity of thus meeting their fellow-thinkers at Liverpool.

On Sunday the Liverpool Unitarian pulpits were supplied by some of the most eminent liberal theologians and preachers of America, according to the following schedule:

Ullet-road—Morning, Rev. Thomas R.. Slicer New York City, Evening, Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., Boston, Mass.

Hope Street—Morning, Rev. Frederick W. Perkins, D. D., Lynn, Mass. Evening, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, New York City.

Toxteth Chapel—Morning, Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D. D., Dayton, O. Evening, Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., Portland, Oregon.

Mill Street Mission—Evening, Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, Rochester, N. Y.

Hamilton Road Mission—Morning, Rev. Effie McCollom Jones, D. D., Waterloo, Iowa. Evening, Rev. Hugo Eisenlohr, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gartson—Evening, Rev. Charles T. Billings, Lowell, Mass.

Gateacre—Morning, Rev. H. P. Forbes, D. D., Pres., Theological School, Canton, N. Y.

Birkenhead—Morning, Rev. E. C. Butler, Quincy, Mass. Evening, Rev. Maxwell Savage, Louisville Ky.

Liscard—Morning, Rev. Maxwell Savage, Louisville, Ky. Evening, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. Th., Boston, Mass.

Bootle—Morning and Evening, Rev. W. Delos Smith, Boston, Mass.

Warrington—M and E, Rev. E. H. Bre an, Danvers, Mass.

West Kirby—Morning, Rev. Charles T. Bilings, Lowell, Mass. evening, Professor Jesse H. Holmes, Swarthmore College, Pa.

Chester—Morning and Evening, Rev. Carlyle Summerbell, Fall River, Mass.

The Manchester Unitarian pulpits were also supplied by eight of the visiting clergy.

On Monday morning the party proceeded by special train to Chester and Warwick; on Tuesday they visited Stratford and Kenilworth. On Wednesday afternoon at Oxford an informal reception was given to members of the party at Manchester College.

Special mention is made of Dr. Wendte as follows:

Dr. Wendte, the indefatigable Secretary of the International Conference, referred to the splendid work for the Conference of Dr. Carpenter, of the late Professor Pfleiderer, and other friends of their now splendid organization. To-day it stood for thirty or forty fellowships of various kinds, and the number was constantly increasing. It was a modern descent of the Spirit. Barriers were being broken down. At Geneva it was a wonderful sight to see a sermon by Dr. Savage delivered from the same pulpit in which Calvin himself had preached. In Berlin they would hear addresses from some of the greatest scholars of the day, but after all, their charity and their brotherly love were the greatest things of all.

During the reception and dinner there was music, and at intervals during the time of speeches there were songs and recitations.

On the motion of the Chairman, a resolution of greeting to the Peace Conference, which was to meet at Stockholm, was carried by acclamation.

KINDNESS ON THE FARM.

Kindness ought to be the rule with all farm animals. Not simply for the reason that it makes the animals bad to be treated wrong, but because no person can do that and not himself be made a little worse than he was. Character is made up of little acts. Kindness builds a good, clean, strong, true life. And surely that is what our boys and girls are most anxious to have.—*Rural Life.*

HOME DEPARTMENT

Eugenia's Lover

By T. FORTSON PRUETT, Sidney, N. Y.

WELL, what do you make of it?" asked Mr. Frank Haddox, as he laid down his brush and pallette and folded his arms as though to brace himself for a reply.

"Not much," said a very pretty young lady, as she closed the book with a delightful yawn, and with both ruthless hands rumpled her blonde bangs out of all their smooth symetry. "With a thermometer at ninety," she murmured, stupidly, "the gifted heroine was a trifle fatigueing; we are informed she was epigramatic without hearing any of her smart speeches; the hero evidently is of the long haired poet of the future—but with none of his poetry on exhibition "By the way Frank," suddenly turning upon him eyes that were like the blue flowers, "what interest had you in the story?"

"None in the world," he said morosely, "except that I wrote it."

"Why you clever old boy," exclaimed the young lady, rousing into animation at this announcement. "Then there must be something in it," she said cheeringly, else they would not have published it, would they? you didn't have to pay them to print it did you Frank?"

But Mr. Haddox, under this soothing criticism, was rapidly packing up his artist's paraphernalia, with an accession of gloom, patent to Eugenia's blue eyes—clear windows where observation sat laughingly.

"I think you are not very polite, Mr. Haddox," she said with pointed formality, "to leave my question unanswered, when I have made myself quite stiff, posing for Titania all the morning."

"You are always laughing at me Genie" remonstrated the young man, in a tone of sulky complaint, which produced an exaggerated appearance of penitence in the incorrigible Miss Davis.

"On the contrary," she said, with a wicked little gleam of her blue eyes, "I feel a sort of reflected glory in having the honor to know you, and having had the pleasure of reading your delightful and charmingly interesting story."

Mr. Haddox pulled viciously at his moustache in a wrathful state of uncertainty, and swallowed his resentment the best he could. He was a tall, slender young fellow, with just enough of masculine good looks to subjugate the average feminine fancy—a course of conquests he had been accustomed to pursue, until Eugenia Davis had revolutioned all his past experience. She was so entirely different and unlike other young ladies he had hitherto encountered, with her delightful, teasing frankness, and bouyant spirit of mischief and good humor, that she lived in a different world other than his own, was only an added allurement to the already madly-in-love Mr. Haddox. What moments of happiness and intoxicating bliss he had spent within that little vine-covered Georgia cottage, where dwelt Eugenia Davis, her widowed mother and younger sister; or better still, the many hours passed upon the grassy lawn in front of the house, where he painted Eugenia as Titania among the faries, when in reality she resembled a Dresden Shepherdess in *bisque*, with her intense blue eyes and fine healthy complexion.

Already Mrs. Haddox, whiling away

the summer days at Indian Springs, Georgia's most fashionable summer resort, had received daintily put intimation of her son's latest infatuation, and apprehension became confirmation, as well as consternation, when Frank boldly requested that Miss Davis be invited to his mothers' party.

On the whole, Mrs. Haddox, with all of her exclusiveness, and social pride concluded to concede to her son's request and favor Miss Davis with a card, if only as an expedient by which she might be enabled to criticise this country beauty.

Her son was undoubtedly an emotional young man, susceptible to the charms of beautiful young women and with an artistic tendency, hence present conditions were very alarming to the mother who adored him. And if her maternal solicitude was of a somewhat worldly character she had proved her confidence in her only son by a very liberal allowance. So liberal had she been with him, so far as money was concerned, that nothing more practical could have been expected of him in the way of achievements, than that he should paint a few pictures of dubious commercial value, a trifling rhyme now and then, and an occasional story for one of the magazines.

Mr. Haddox however had displayed much diplomacy in the manner of obtaining the invitation for Miss Davis to his mother's party, but his sense of complacent satisfaction was changed to something very much like dismay when he was informed by Miss Davis that there were other obstacles in the way.

"I suppose a faded blue organdie, or a white one would not be just the thing to wear to your mother's party, would it Frank?" she asked of him a few days after she had received his mother's invitation. Somehow the reception of that bit of paste board had opened up vistas of exhilerating possibilities to Eugenia. Shut out from the gay world of society, existing alone with her books and maiden dreams as she had been, until the chance advent of this differential young man, from the outer world.

By his frank courteous and gentlemanly bearing he had won over his mother, and his coming was to Eugenia as a bright revelation of youth and congenial comradeship.

The summer days had drifted along with ever increasing confidences between these two, and that perfect absense of constraint which a more conventional acquaintance might have engendered. Scarcely a day passed without their being together and to-day Mr. Haddox was intent upon carrying his point. He was determined that Eugenia should attend his mother's party.

"Beauty is like a rich stone, best plain set," he quoted sagely, with his bright eyes looking unutterable things.

Eugenia however knit her brows crossly, "Thanks", she said, shortly, I prefer some of the baggage of virtue, once in a while." And then Eugenia looked as though she were quite out of patience.

"Let me buy you a dress Genie, "' but blushing the while at his temerity. "It would be a purely business affair, I am sure you have wasted enough time posing for Titania."

"Thank you," Eugenia replied, as if she were not the least bit obliged, however. "My self-respect is worth more to me than a new dress, Mr. Haddox."

But this lofty altitude was not natural to Miss Davis, and she was already a little ashamed of her ill humor.

"You are a good fellow Frank," she said, unbending in a smile, and extending her hand with a graciousness which Mr. Haddox was not slow in accepting with a show of servile and abject satisfaction.

"I have read about girls making themselves picturesque out of old window hangings and their grandmother's old dresses," said Eugenia, after this reconcilliation. "Mother," as that gentle old lady appeared in the doorway: have you any old dresses of ancestors, or brocades hidden away in those old trunks upstairs?

"I fear not my child, said the mother smiling gently, as she always did when her eyes rested on Eugenia. "But there are those dimity gowns, that have been

put away since you were a baby, you can take them if they will answer your purpose."

But her mother had hardly finished speaking, before Eugenia bounded away and upstairs where the trunks were, you are worth a dozen ancestors mother, she cried gayly, as she disappeared.

Presently she reappeared, bringing with her the dimities, of the long ago, and soon a novel sight was beheld; the fashionable Mr. Haddox with scissors in hand seated modestly by the window anxiously, yea, even prayerfully assisting Eugenia in her work of undoing those ancient dimities; for as Eugenia grandiloquently put it "dispatch was everything."

That was a joyful week, with Frank and Eugenia running races down the seams, both of them in the most exuberant spirits, while the gentle mother sat calmly by smiling as she sewed. What would have been Mrs. Haddox's emotion could she have beheld her son at the mercy of this young Deliah.

* * *

Two weeks have passed, and those dimities have been fashioned into a costume for the pretty Eugenia Davis to wear to the fashionable Mrs. Haddox's garden party. It is the day before the long looked for event is to take place.

"Now be candid with me Frank," said Eugenia upon this eventful day, as she turned slowly and seriously about for Frank's inspection. Do I look countryfied? Have I a home-made appearance?" with a consuming anxiety in her blue eyes, and an evident distrust of her charms. I have a painful misgiving that it needs to be pulled tight in the front to make it fit in the back; and *vice-versa*," she went on, with a somewhat nervous laugh, while Frank pulled at his moustache and looked profound.

"In other words it fits too much agreed Frank, with a suspicious readiness of assent.

"Then you show very bad manners to say so," said Eugenia, with some inconsistency, and great show of spirit. But her indignation soon gave way under the stress of greater emotions.

"And I have a burning doubt that the set of this off sleeve is not just what it should be," she resumed, returning to her anxieties under the exigencies of the occasion.

"Now Frank, I put it to you as a man and brother—is there not a suspicion of bagginess about that sleeve?"

But Frank having learned discretion, was not to be trapped this time, so he raved over the success of their united efforts and appealed to Mrs. Davis to sustain him in his statements, and when he had exhausted his vocabulary of pretty compliments, rather sheepishly he produced a slender parcel and proceeded to unfurl a handsome parasol. Eugenia however soon relieved him of the misgivings.

"Why you splendid creature" she cried with her blue eyes smiling dark and brilliant under her parasol. You have quite restored my self-respect and made it possible for me to fancy myself one of the fashionables of the fashionable."

Thus Eugenia ate her former words and allowed herself to be whirled away to the fete in a state of complacency, second only to Mr. Haddox's sense of satisfaction.

Arrived at the scene of festivity, people were no slow to discover this new beauty, who was plainly the object of Mr. Haddox's adoration. If the ladies were inclined to comment upon the set of her gown, not so the men, they saw but to admire. In point of fact, Eugenia did look bewitching in her simple cream white gown, with folds of tulle, caressing her pretty white throat, and the big bunch of roses beneath her dimpled chin, vieing with the color in her cheeks. For once Eugenia drained the intoxicating cup of social success.

But at last it was over, and the next morning Frank had to hear his sister's criticisms at breakfast.

"Fancy my feelings," said the elder Miss Haddox, with dignity, appealing to her mother for sympathy: when I showed her Frank's picture of Sylph: and she asked me if I didn't think the legs resembled champagne bottles—and half a dozen people standing around."

"If I knew her better," said another

Miss Haddox, I would advise her to change her dress maker."

This was too much for Frank's equanimity. Before his mental vision arose a picture of Eugenia, with her pretty perplexed face and happy gayety, while she planned and contrived the costume which these worldings now criticized.

"Mother and sisters," he said, rising manfully to the occasion, "I should like you to know the lady you are discussing, I intend if possible to make my wife. And then he was gone, leaving this thunderbolt behind him.

He went direct to the home of Mrs. Davis. He would ask Eugenia to be his wife at once. He would let them see: the cold-hearted conventional creatures. He kept up his wrath until he had poured out his love at Eugenia's feet.

Eugenia however took the recital very cooly. "Do you feel justified in marrying against your mother's wishes, when you are dependent upon her bounty?" she demanded a little scornfully. "May I inquire what other means you have to marry upon, Mr. Haddox?" she asked. This was a practical question which visibly discomfited Mr. Haddox, and tended to check his flowery declaration of love. He even looked a little foolish.

"I have some sort of a farm in Thomas county, this state, but I hardly know anything about it," he admitted sulkily, after a somewhat blank pause.

"Then my advise to you is, Frank Haddox, "she said cuttingly, to learn to earn your own bread, before you invite a wife to share it with you. Do you think I would thrust myself upon an unwilling family and ask to be supported? Not I, Frank Haddox. My own poor mother ruined her whole life by just such a marriage as you invite me to make. I am not altogether lacking in common sense, and sooner than marry in the way you ask me, I'll live and die an old maid."

With this awful declaration, Eugenia came to the end of her breath with several emphatic shakes of her head, and her blue eyes flashing dangerously.

"At least you have not spared me any, said poor Frank, with his lips trembling boyishly under his long fair moustache, and under the reproachful gaze, of those miserable brown eyes, all of Eugenia's scorn vanished.

"Show yourself to be a man, Frank," she whispered, with her cheeks flushing suddenly, "before you ask me to prove how well I love you." There was less danger of misunderstanding now with his fond arm about her waist, and brown eyes gazing deep and fondly into the blue ones. So they exchanged their views and vows of deathless faith and eternal constancy, and then Frank went forth to wrestle with the productive soil of South Georgia.

When Mrs. Haddox discovered that this astonishing development of manlines and independence in her only son was due to the influence of the spirited country girl who would not marry him otherwise, her opposition gave place to a genuine good feeling which time and a closer acquaintance have not altered.

Eugenia and Frank have been married ten years. A little procession of lads and lassies go tripping about the old farm house—miniature copies of their blue eyed mother.

Frank has forsaken the fields of fiction for those of agriculture reform, and he and Eugenia are very happy. Together with their children they love their free country-home-life. Eugenia reigns supreme in the love of her husband and children.

Happy indeed are they.

WORK FOR ALL.

We cannot all be preachers and sway with voice and pen
As strong winds sway the forest, the minds and hearts of men,
But we can be evangels to souls within our reach;
There's always love's own gospel for loving hearts to preach.
We cannot all be heroes,and thrill a hemisphere
With some great, daring venture, some deed that mocks at fear;
But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true;
There's always noble service for noble souls to do.

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Founded in 1825.

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Founded in 1

Maintained by U. Unitarian churches to promote religious and moral education. Publishes manuals and tracts, issues a Sunday-school paper, holds conventions, carries on a book-room. Branch at 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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IV. We stand for the final authority of reason and conscience in the things of religion. We believe that no outward church or institution has right to impose a creed, or establish a method of discipline, or define an exclusive fellowship of faith that shall stand paramount to the individual soul's responsibility of conscience and reason in determining faith, conduct, and spiritual comradeship.

V. We stand for a progressive theology conditioned on faith in a progressive revelation. We stand for an interpretation of God and God's method of revelation, of the nature of Man, and future destiny, that shall constantly square with the latest teaching of science and largest attainments of human society in ethical ideal and spiritual vision.